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A

SATIRE.

CONTAINING

PROSAICAL STRICTURES

ON

Priſons, Inns of Court, Courts of Juſtice, Juſtices of the Peace, Sheriffs Officers, Proſtitutes, Play and Opera Houſes, Gaming, Churches, Tower, Cuſtom-Houſe, Eaſt-India-Houſe, Exciſe-Office, Bank, Bedlam, Royal-Exchange, Manſion-Houſe, Guildhall, Heralds-Office, Doctors-Commons, Court of Admiralty, College of Phyſicians, Bridewell, Weſtminſter-Abbey, and St. Stephen's Chapel, *&c.*

" Non erit ulterius quod noſtris moribus addat
" Poſteritas. Eadem cupient facientque minores
" Omne in precipiti vitium eſt. " JUVENAL.

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" Non erit ulterius quod noſtris moribus addat
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TO deſcribe the ſituation of this town would be a general inſult to the knowledge of the world at large. It would be depriving its inhabitants of the conſequence which they have derived from their endeavours to render it notorious to all mankind. I ſhall, therefore, omit its latitude, longitude, extent, ſituation, and boundaries. For to the credit of the people—to uſe a trite thread-bare adage, it is better known than truſted.

THIS town contains an aſſemblage of houſes, which are called in the aggregate—the Metropolis; *i. e.* the Mother City. Hence we might infer, that all its inhabitants are united in one common ſocial intereſt, under one general parent—the magiſtrate. Alas! it is quite otherwiſe; for although the houſes appear to be as cloſely joined as the cells in a bee-hive, thoſe in the iſland of Madagaſcar are not, in reality, farther diſtant. So that an Iriſhman might, with ſome propriety, obſerve that *ſeparation joins* the whole town. Hence ariſes the difficulty of Scandal finding here a ſubſiſtence. She is obliged to run ſeveral miles before ſhe can touch a morſel of her neighbour's character. But then her long ramble having given her an appetite, ſhe ſits down at the table of Rumour, prepared to make the heartier repaſt. Indeed it is often ſeen this cauſes a repletion, which has no remedy but a reparative emetic.

HERE are ten dungeons, known by the name of Priſons, which confine more miſery than villainy. Thoſe who are ruined by others, receive here the infamy and puniſhment of others' ruin. Here human blood-hounds have fixed their toils to deprive the diſtreſſed of all misfortune has left them—their liberty. Here the exertions

exertions of penury are, by the fetters of confinement, prevented from ſupporting themſelves and families, ſo as to avoid inevitable famine. Within theſe confines are found a ſet of vermin who prey upon the little misfortune may have ſpared. So that, even when law relents, many are confined by thoſe who have pilfered them of what they now exact as fees for their cruelty. Thus, it is not enough to be puniſhed for being miſerable, you muſt alſo pay for that puniſhment. You are obliged to bribe the keepers of your liberty, as if it were to obtain an aſylum from the ſtorms which have wrecked your happier fortunes. Here privileges are granted to the vile, which are denied to the honeſt. Rogues who have preſerved their property, command the wards, bolts, and chains of the doors; while the honeſt, who have reſigned it, are by them controuled.

WITHIN this town are fifteen ſquares, called Inns of Court. In theſe, youth are bound to ſpend five years to learn the art of confounding truth, ſupporting falſhood, and torturing juſtice. Their original intention was to preſerve property entire. Their preſent practice is how it may be divided. Inſtead of right governing their

decrees, precedent, however unjuſt, pronounces ſentence. Equity is controuled by the report of the caſe. Their art does not conſiſt in learning what *ſhould* be, but knowing what *has* been. Thus it appears the former perjury of witneſſes, the chicanery of counſellors, the ignorance of juries, and the prejudiced arbitrarineſs of judges, are not ſufficiently unjuſt in themſelves. Precedents muſt ſtamp their villainy as examples from which their ſucceſſors muſt never depart. Further, they learn to hide the ſimplicity of truth in the rubbiſh of tautology. It is here they become, in the bills, anſwers, briefs, and pleadings, the cuckows of juſtice. Repetition is both their motto and principle of exiſtence. Thus the expence of ſtating a caſe is frequently worſe in its conſequence, to the client, than the injury it deſcribes.

Should any diſputes ariſe between *meum* and *tuum*, they are moſtly heard—I will not ſay adjuſted, in certain halls termed the courts of C——y, K—g's B—h, and ——. The firſt was meant to correct the abuſes of the latter. But inſtead of reſtoring right or relieving injury, it too frequently confirms wrong, and increaſes oppreſſion. Here clients are at the expence of depoſitions which are never read. In decretal orders, they pay for the repetition of bills,

bills, anſwers, and arguments of counſel. From what clients are liable to pay for theſe many ſheets of very few words *, it ſhould be thought ſyllables were very ſcarce in law. But the contrary is too well known in their throwing away ſo many well-meaning words, until they leave the ſubject in diſpute deſtitute of all meaning. It muſt be, however, confeſſed that, contrary to every other matter, words in law encreaſe in value with their abundance. To ſettle diſputes of property, they take care of it themſelves, until it is not worth the care of the real proprietor. In this court, Juſtice leaves Time the arbitor of all diſputes. It is, therefore, often ſeen, that litigants leave their heirs more law than land to manage. Their decrees are ſeldom given but for that property which the ſequeſtrators ſeize to pay the enormous charges of the court. Thus the plaintiff is robbed of that poſſeſſion which their ſeeming equity hath awarded him.

Over the C—t of K—'s B—h preſides a judge, who is called the L—d C—f J——e of this iſle. Beſides hearing felony, breaches of the peace, oppreſſion, &c. he is the guardian

* Ten thouſand ſheets are frequently paid for, when one hundred is more than ſufficient.

of

of the king's prerogative. Thus, under the pretence of preſerving it from infringements, he has been frequently ſeen to extend its power. Here a certain ſet of ſophiſters, called B——rs, are paid for confuſing evidence, diſtorting truth, and miſleading equity. Theſe were deſigned to elucidate what they ſtudy to confound. Here, as in other courts, are twelve men, who are the diſpenſers of guilt and innocence, agreeable to the item of the preſident. They were meant to controul the prejudice of the judge, and miſrepreſentations of counſel. But as they are choſen from a ſphere who are entirely ignorant of rhetorical artifice, logical ſophiſtry, and legiſlation, whether executive or judiciary, let us not wholly condemn their deference to the commands * of ſuperior ability, learning, and experience. Here witneſſes ſwear what they have never ſeen, felt, heard, or underſtood,—while others are not permitted to juſtify, by reaſon they are too honeſt to poſſeſs themſelves, by colluſion and perjury, of the neceſſary qualifications. Here cauſes are prejudged before witneſſes have given evidence. Here chicanery convinces more than truth,—authority

* Contrary to the ſpirit of our ſo much boaſted privilege of Juries, we find the judge controuls their verdict with "Gentlemen of the Jury, you *muſt* find," *&c.*

rules

rules more than juſtice,—ignorance decides more than judgment,—and oppreſſion diſtreſſes more than equity relieves.

In this place are commiſſioned a ſet of petty magiſterial tyrants, called J——s of the P——e. They were firſt created for putting in execution great part of the ſtatute law, relating to highways, poor, vagrants, treaſon, felony, riots, the preſervation of game, *&c.* The commit for trial ſuch as are found, by the grand inqueſt, guilty of their indictment. As they are choſen for conſequence of property —not for perfection of character, they turn the ſtatutes of ſocial compact into the faſces of government. They are found ignorant of what they practice, mercenary of perquiſite, and profuſe of power. Thus, their ignorance too frequently commits the innocent, and liberates the guilty;—their avarice diminiſhes the offences of the ſplendid knave, and aggravates thoſe of the indigent wretch;—and their wantonneſs of power puniſhes more to ſhew their conſequence, than their conviction of criminality.

These are aſſiſted by a ſet of ſubordinate tyrants, called thief-takers, conſtables, and watch-

watchmen. All of whom have their dens to extort property, by threatening the innocent with puniſhments, or by promiſing the criminal an opportunity of eſcaping or evading juſtice. By their permiſſion, pockets are pilfered,—youth corrupted,—manhood debilitated,—vice enforced,—and virtue undermined—by every means that fraud can deviſe, or force can execute.

BESIDES theſe, a ſet of human vultures, known by the name of Sheriff's-Officers, ſwarm in every part of the town. Theſe have the privilege of making their own houſes your priſon. Here, under the pretence of ſaving you from the horrors of a common goal, they impoveriſh the wretched, and, then, turn them ſtarving into the common dungeon, to make room for other miſerable objects of their rapacious plunder. But if you are apprized of their deſign, and will pay that for liberty which they cannot extort from you by confinement, they will procure you the ſureties of thoſe who have only to ſwear by what is contrary to their faith to believe. Thus, the bail procured, and the attendant fees paid,—you have your liberty, and your creditor his diſappointment.

In every ſtreet, women are parading to proſtitute charms which vaniſh as the day appears. Their dreſs betrays lewdneſs in its negligence,—tawdrineſs in its finery,—vulgarity in its faſhion,—and wretchedneſs in its ſtarchified frippery. The art of theſe women is to vary proſtitution beyond what the moſt vicious imagination might conceive. While ſome affect this variety through a ſated gratification, others, through want, are obliged to adopt it—to render themſelves agreeable to the depraved taſtes of the debauchees, whoſe only pleaſure is to invent new ways of ſacrificing to the Cyprian Goddeſs. While theſe wretches preſs you in their arms, they plunder your pockets. They laugh at the compaſſion which their hypocritical tears have excited. And if they cry ſincerely, it is with indignation at your not becoming their dupe. Nothing touches their feelings but their artifice being counteracted in their deſign on paſſion and ſenſibility. They repent for a whim, and ſin upon principle. Their love and hate are equally deſtructive. The firſt deſtroys by facination,—the latter by treachery.

At the corner of moſt allies is a Shop, where they lend money on almoſt every article that art has invented, or nature uſed. Here diſtreſs

may be lent a fifth of the value of any article their dreſs or houſhold can ſpare. For the uſe of this loan, they pay no more than at the rate of *thirty per Cent.* Thus, you perceive their humanity will not extort more from the neceſſity of the indigent. As want is too weak to defend itſelf againſt extortion, we muſt applaud theſe humane beings who lend to aſſiſt—not to plunder, the wretched. But poverty being ſo prevalent as to render their employ very multifarious, they are apt to forget your being a cuſtomer unleſs you can produce certain vouchers, which they term duplicates. Should you be prevented from a requiſition of thoſe articles entruſted to their keeping for two years, they are never after to be found—they have ſold them. But ſhould they have made a greater profit than a lawful intereſt for the uſe of the money advanced, you may demand the ſurplus as due to your own property. For this purpoſe, you may inſiſt upon ſeeing the account of their ſale. To give ſeriouſly their character—others miſery is their happineſs;—they turn orphan tears into Oporto wine;—their individual abundance ariſes from the want of thouſands;—famine ſpreads their table with the delicacies of luxury;—their carriage wheels are ſupported by the axletree of poverty;—they clothe themſelves by

others

others nakedneſs. In a word, there is not a greater proof of the exiſtence of wretchedneſs, than where it gives ſupport to ſuch a number of woe-thriving harpies as are to be found in this metropolis.

HERE refinement has reared three houſes of correction for its own chaſtiſement. By a miſnomer they are called *play*-houſes. For what can be more ſerious or noble, in its final intention, than correcting vice and applaudig virtue? There cannot be a greater demonſtration of the peoples' vices; than their affording a ſufficient variety of incident and character for the production of between two and three thouſand pieces, which are, at times, exhibited on theſe mirrors of human nature. How perverſe is man! Here fops ſtudy thoſe airs which mark them coxcombs;—pedants learn thoſe ſentences which mark them blockheads;—rogues pick up tricks which evince them knaves;—and meſſalinas adopt that character which ſatirizes their wantonneſs. Here vice is natural, and virtue monſtrous. The firſt is, therefore, adopted, and the latter diſclaimed. A good character is thought ſo beyond nature, that many of the nobleſt works of genius have been condemned to oblivion for introducing theſe monſters into

their repreſentations. Hence the neceſſity of the Dramatiſt—if he would pleaſe, of writing puns for witlings, double entendres for laſciviates, compliments for fops, ſermons for hypocrites, ſentiments for prudes, and flattery for coquettes. We muſt not, therefore, condemn our dramatic writers for what the neceſſity of praiſe and profit obliges them to adopt, in conformity to the depraved taſte of the auditors. Thus, the ſtyle of the drama characterizes the manners of the people; for its exiſtence depends on a ſtrict obedience to what the taſte of the day requires. As none but the moſt ſublime and powerful geniuſes can controul manners, it is thus we find manners, too frequently, controul genius.

The patrons of taſte are ſo fond of inſipidity, that, to furniſh a houſe for Apollo, they ſacrifice manhood at his ſhrine. Here the paſſions of nature are burleſqued in the warblings of an air, or the neither-ſpeaking-nor-ſinging recitative. All expreſſion is loſt in the ſhake of a trill, or the inſignificance of a pauſe. This is the amuſement of ideots; who, having no taſte for the beauties of ſenſe, are thus enraptured with the non-entity of ſound. Here ſenators, inſtead of ſetting before themſelves the exam-

ples

ples of Roman patriots, hire theſe emaſculates of nature, to enfeeble their manners with the contagious delight of effeminate amuſement. As nothing tends to corrupt or enoble virtue more than public ſhews, may we not trace this as the efficient cauſe of our having ſo many nerveleſs warriors, toilet ſenators, and fribble magiſtrates?

In this town are ſeveral places of worſhip, where fortune has more votaries than either fame or virtue. Her religion encourages that which every other condemns.—Cheating, lying, ſwearing, plotting, and plundering is the eſſence of her profeſſion. Whereas other faiths aver, certainty is their baſis, ſhe audaciouſly confeſſes hers has no other principle—if it may be termed a principle, than Chance. At ſuch ſhrines as E O, hazard, billiard, and card-tables, honour is ſacrificed to chicanery, confidence to treachery, content to anxiety, and affluence to penury. Here the miſer is a ſpendthrift,—and the ſpendthrift a miſer. Here the vile are honoured,—and the honourable vilified. Here mankind prey upon their ſpecies whom they were created to ſerve. Here ſtateſmen learn to play with thoſe lives and properties which are entruſted to their protection;—generals to lead armies upon the worſt of cauſes;—citi-

zens

zens to riſque the property which their credit, as traders, has obtained;—and artificers to throw the die for the ſhuttle; while the whole circle are "*at all*" but the intereſt of their ſpecies.

WITHIN this town and ſuburbs are three hundred and eighteen places devoted to public worſhip. And by obſerving the number and the emptineſs of theſe edifices, it may be concluded—that people make up in appearance all they want in reality of religion. For ſighs and prayers, they heave ſtocks and ſtones towards heaven. While the ſteeples are thus aſpiring, they have themſelves more liberty to attend their temporal affairs. But what ſhall be ſaid of its profeſſors, who, what they inculcate for pay, undermine for pleaſure? Like German ſoldiers who fight without patriotiſm, they pray without principle. Inſtead of enforcing the abſolute beauty of virtue, they frighten their hearers with the future puniſhment of vice.—And, *vice verſa*, inſtead of enforcing the deformity of vice, they tempt their hearers with the reward of virtue. Thus, they corrupt the very ſtamina of morality. Hence we find charity a bawd to ſin. We tranſgreſs in ſecurity, when we are told an alms will cover a multitude

of

of ſins. Thus, charity is ſcarcely ſeen abroad without the preſumption of her ſinful train being once more taken into favour. Hence we are charitable without generoſity;—religious without piety;—zealous without principle;—and preſuming without merit. We make the attributes of the Deity equivocal. We believe him infinitely juſt and merciful—two principles which cannot exiſt in the ſame eſſence. Mercy is a mitigation of juſtice. How then can that being be infinitely juſt, whoſe principle is ſaid to be infinitely relaxed in the mitigation of puniſhment? It is the groſſeſt abſurdity to repreſent the bow of juſtice unſtrung by mercy, and yet preſerving its infinite tenſion of equity.—"*A God all mercy is a God unjuſt.*" This is only obſerved, *en paſſant*, as the cauſe of more profeſſional infidelity than practical religion. By rendering the Deity chimerical for reaſon to conceive, we leſſen the credit of that religion which is the greateſt happineſs of ſociety to revere.

SOME little to the eaſtward of this town is a building called the Tower. Within its walls are too frequently confined patriots for traitors. Here money is coined to purchaſe that

that ſervility which tyranny dares not exact. Where uſurpers have been confined, here the rightful crown is depoſited. Here are ſhewn the ſpoils of plundering war! Thus, like Tantalus, the object of their deſire is hung in their view to torture them with the proſpect of futile poſſeſſion. Here is ranged a wilderneſs of implements for eighty thouſand perſons to maſſacre each other at a moment's warning. Such is the parade and preparation of this *civilized* people for human deſtruction! Here are repreſented, in their various armours, thoſe *worthy heroes* who have been diſtinguſhed for the number they have ſlaughtered of their ſpecies. Thus their r——l murderers are perpetually *honoured* by this more than ſavage people! Thus, the pillaging of property, and the ſlaughtering of human nature, are held, in this iſle, worthy of commemoration. Honour wreaths the brow of murder, and gilds the creſt of devaſtation.

In this ward is the Cuſtom-Houſe. Here induſtry, enterprize, and emulation are all fettered by fines levied upon the produce of their joint labours. By this means the people earn the very intereſt which they receive for the loan of their property. From hence the governors

of

of this isle derive power to corrupt, depress, and trample on that people whose endeavours are perpetually exerted in their support. Here the labours of the hive invigorates the hand which destroys the honey. Under the pretence of strengthening commerce, they debilitate the merchant. On what the people toil to possess, they levy to destroy. Here the merchant is told he can have no right to whatever produce he purchases, but from such nations as they think proper to prescribe. Thus, with this people, property depends on climate,—not on just possession. A hedge, a brook, a mole-hill, is here a sufficient barrier to divide substance acquired by peril, bought by agreement, and paid for by nature's best currency—honesty. In a word, the general produce of nature is here cut off from man's enjoyment by what is termed—*national policy*. Thus, the laws of society, which were formed to preserve possession, and protect life and liberty, render the first precarious, and the latter a non-entity.

NOT a mile from this building is another, which has, if possible, a more infamous foundation than that we have been describing. It is here that avarice is supported by rapine, cruelty, and murder. The peaceful possessors of

diſtant regions, in being curſed with riches, are ſtill more curſed by the human * cormorants of this iſle making it the ſeat of their gluttonous appetites. Their riches purchaſe them the laws' countenance, and the government's aid in their plunders. Is it therefore a wonder that the purpoſes of ſuch money ſhould be blaſted by abortive enterprize? Can a people expect to proſper, while their neceſſities oblige them to borrow reſources which are filled from the triple-headed ſpring of treachery, murder, and devaſtation? But what if they do not ſucceed better—it is only a greater ſacrifice of human nature on the ſhrine of their ambition. While this company proſpers, they will always preſerve themſelves on the ſeat of power and luxury. Here men are qualified to be the preſervers of a people whoſe requiſites have ariſen from the deſtruction of nations. Here the nobleſt virtues of youth are corrupted into the moſt deteſtable vices. The temperate become luxurious,—the honeſt treacherous,—the virilous effeminate,—the modeſt audacious,—and the merciful cruel. They pilfer with caution, and plunder with boldneſs. They are tygers in purſuit, but lambs in poſſeſſion. Preſumption commands them to acquire, what remorſe forbids them to enjoy.

* Inhuman I ſhould have ſaid.

IN the vicinity of this building was a college where youth uſed to be taught divinity, geometry, aſtronomy, civil law, rhetoric, phyſic, and muſic. But, now, the building is razed to give place to another more ſuitable to the temper and policy of the times. It is not neceſſary the people ſhould improve their minds while they have poſſeſſions that require a palace to receive their tythings. The baſis of this building is founded on affluence, oppreſſion, and tyranny. Here the peoples' labour is taxed to ſubſiſt a ſet of dependants, who ſupport and encreaſe the prerogative of the crown. Here the poor are with-held from conſuming what neceſſaries they have earned—by the tax raiſing it beyond their ability to purchaſe. While they are obliged to ſhut out the light of heaven, another tax refuſes them the artificial light of earth. The countenance which induſtry has embrowned is forbid to reſtore itſelf to its native aſpect. The peaſant pays, in his ſhoes, for every ſtep he takes in the tillage of his land. His emulation to encreaſe his ſtock is fettered by the exciſemen of the pariſh—known by the name of a *vicar* or a *rector*. Winter is left to chill the hand of induſtry, by reaſon the poor cannot purchaſe fire to re-animate their torpid ſpirits. When the ſummer heats exhauſt the labouring artizan, he cannot renovate his

ſpirits—for his common beverage is exciſed. The officers of this manſion receive the power of *tyranny* from a *limited* monarch. They are tyrant ſlaves to controuled majeſty. What the civil power dares not attempt, they have authority to execute. No place or time is ſacred from their enquiries.

NOT far diſtant is a building, whoſe baſis is a bubble. As this is inflated by ſucceſs, or compreſſed by diſaſter—it riſes into conſequence, or ſinks into diſeſteem. Here the oppreſſion of the people, *i. e.*—the taxes, are pledged. Thus, money is raiſed to enforce what, otherwiſe, tyranny could not exact. Here the rich depoſit their wealth for that intereſt which ariſes from the burthen of their fellow ſubjects. Hence, that, which ſhould procure the bleſſings of ſociety, becomes the curſe of every individual.

IN the next ward is an Hoſpital—the repoſitory of the inſane. Within theſe walls many are confined for madneſs, who are more perfectly in their ſenſes than their keepers. It is here that huſbands confine their wives who have loſt their charms—not their wits, through a ſated

a ſated appetite, or a capricious fancy. Here uſurpers confine thoſe heirs, whoſe eſtates and poſſeſſions they have ſeized. Here miſery is confined by thoſe who ſhould ſupport them by the ties of nature—but, under the pretence of inſanity, excuſe themſelves through the feelings of monſters. Here diſappointed love pines;—the oppreſſed mourn;—the inſulted rage;—the neglected ſigh;—the unrewarded weep;—the ſlandered ſcorn;—and, the ruined languiſh.

In another ward—not far diſtant, is a building called the Royal-Exchange. Wealth, in this place, is a ſubſtitute for honour, honeſty, dignity, and education. Gain is the end, and ignorance the means. To know much is to procure little. Here genius fails, while blockheads are alone ſucceſsful. Social connection has no other cement than individual intereſt. All the virtues are led captive in the train of avarice. They have, here, a language peculiar to themſelves. *A good man* is he, who forfeits his word to preſerve his credit—as a merchant. *A bad man* is he, who is too conſcientious to cheat, and, thereby, loſes his credit—as a merchant. *To do well* is to thrive, by taking all advantages of inexperience, credulity, and confidence.

Here

Here thoſe have the greateſt credit, who have got the moſt by cheating. Their goodneſs does not conſiſt in paying their duties at church —but at the Cuſtom-Houſe. Inſtead of ſettling their accounts on the Sabbath with God, they ſettle them with man. Hence the ſole commandment of their practice;—"*Six days ſhalt "thou labour, and on the ſeventh poſt thy "books.*"

WITHIN a few paces of this building, is another called the Manſion-Houſe—the reſidence of the city's chief magiſtrate. He has all the borrowed pageantry of the prince, with the innate meanneſs of the peaſant. His temporary honour ſerves too frequently to affix on him a perpetual diſgrace. Being inveſted with powers that he does not underſtand, he degrades what he was choſen to enoble. Thus, he has dignity without reverence,—power without obedience,—ſplendour without elegance,—pomp without ſplendour,—and honour without admiration. He governs where he ſhould obey, and obeys where he ſhould govern;—directs where he ſhould learn, and learns where he ſhould direct;—dictates where he ſhould be ſilent, and is ſilent where he ſhould dictate. Has more fortune than fame,—more parade than pleaſure, and more truſt than confidence.

SOME

SOME little further is an ancient fabric, called Guildhall. Here people game by act of parliament. Six weeks in every year the nation are employed in hazarding their properties, in a game of ſtate, called, The Lottery. Thus, they have a chance in this one annual tax, which no other tax affords—they may, by hazarding a trifle, acquire abundance. Beſides it is not by compulſion theſe contributions are levied. So that an individual is left to ruin himſelf by the lure of acquiſition, by reaſon the ſtate cannot find a more agreeable means of burthening the ſubject. From this ſource has ariſen a ſet of ſwindlers, who cheat the people, by the licence of their protectors. For fifty pounds, any one has the laws' countenance for plundering induſtry,—unnerving commerce,—ruining families,—and diſtracting the peace, order, and welfare of ſociety.

Within this building ſocieties are held for the good government of the city. They are termed Common-Halls. But their ignorance confounds what they mean to explain. In theſe meetings ſenſe is drowned with clamour,—elegance is burleſqued with pompoſity,—and learning is out-braved by the effrontery of illiterateneſs. Here patriots argue againſt the intereſt they would defend,—miniſterialiſts miſtake the

cauſe

cauſe they would eſpouſe,—and independents embrace both at times—when it is their intention to be partial to neither. Thus, their ignorance ſubverts the good their principles would raiſe, and averts that evil which their treachery would inflict.

Here is alſo aſſigned an apartment for the meeting of Bankrupts—men who are tried with all the forms and expoſure of criminals, by reaſon misfortune has deprived them of their property. Inability to pay their debts is found, here, worthy of univerſal reprobation. Poverty is ground for ſuſpicions of felony. Even the innocent, though unfortunate, are branded with perpetual and national infamy. Although the delinquent's *all* is ſeized, he is left to the mercy of his creditors. If they cannot poſſeſs themſelves of the debt, they may poſſeſs themſelves of his liberty. And it remains with them to proſcribe him ever after from reaping the means of his own perſonal endeavours in that trade, which, perhaps, he has endured a ſeven years ſlavery to acquire.

VERY near the above fabric, ſtands a building where Hereditary Honour is depoſited. So far is this neceſſary—that, unleſs theſe honours

honours were thus kept ſacred in records, &c. —from the actions of the preſent poſſeſſors, we ſhould have no proof of their illuſtrious origin. Indeed what reaſon is there for nobility to take care of preſerving what is ſo well ſecured by the guardianſhip of the heralds? To be ſerious, who would deſire honour that has no exiſtence but in the blazon of a coat of arms. Hence, we have titles without deſert,—conſequence without worth,—authority without power,—and power without authority.

In this place they grant licences for marriage, where they alſo retain the privilege of diſſolving thoſe unions, which, without their ſanction, could never have been conjoined. So that the unhappy in wedlock cannot be ſeparated from each other, without diſhonouring themſelves, by conſent, ſtratagem, or a tacit permiſſion of that infamy, which they ſeek to revenge in their deſire of ſeparation. Thus chaſtity ſtakes connubial miſery to its torment, and adultery ſets it free. Virtue is perpetual puniſhment, and vice perpetual happineſs. The adulterer is freed from the object of its deteſtation, while the chaſte, who would preſerve their honour, are obliged to forfeit their happineſs. You

muſt, therefore, be either honourable with miſery, or infamous with happineſs.

HERE is alſo a court that gives laws to the ſea. With the appointment of this—you may not only plunder and maſſacre with impunity,—but receive due rewards—pecuniary and honourary, for your ſervices. Without this appointment, you are tried by the civil power as a felon. Thus, ſanction, with this people, changes the moſt horrid of nature's crimes into the moſt applauded virtues.

AT a ſmall diſtance is the college of Phyſicians, where is ſold the privilege of ſlaying human nature by preſcription. Here money will purchaſe, to its profeſſors,—knowledge for ignorance,—practice for inexperience,—ſcience for illiteracy,—and credit for diſtruſt. Thus equipped, they ſally forth dubbed knights of the order of Æſculapius. Many of theſe who would cure from principle, kill for want of practice. Thoſe who have practice and principle, too frequently diſpatch their patients, for want of ſcientific ability. And thoſe who have ability and practice, trifle with human nature for want of principle. To encreaſe their fees,

they

they increaſe the diſtempers they are paid to relieve. Sometimes a patient is reduced ſo low —in order to acquire the reputation of the facility with which they recovered him from the brink of death, that he loſes his life and the doctor's credit. At other times, patients are ſacrificed to experiment. This is too frequently the ſad fate of the poor—eſpecially in their boaſted charitable Hoſpitals.

In the vicinity of the above is Bridewell; a place where trading conſtables and juſtices commit the wretched to a temporary ſlavery, which diſgraces the name of ſociety. A poor deſtitute female, who is, perhaps, caught aſking an alms of the paſſenger—to ſave her from immediate famine, is ſent to this place to endure the extremeſt of labour,—the moſt wretched of ſubſiſtence,—and the moſt ſavage of correction.

In the weſtern part of this metropolis is an ancient Abbey, which was formerly dedicated to the ſervice of Apollo. Since, it was deſigned for the ſervice of the Deity; but now it is moſtly uſed in perpetuating of human glory. Here the creature is more honoured than the

Creator. Buſts are here placed of the dead, by thoſe who ſuffered them to ſtarve when alive. Poets have here a marble exiſtence, as the only being that envy and ingratitude can ſuffer them to enjoy. A living poet is the aurelia of genius. He muſt die before he can wing the region of fame. The world will not acknowledge a poet in any dreſs but his ſhroud. Thus, they honour the dead, to degrade the living. It is common with this people to ſay one minute, "*We have no poets now*;" and the next, to write elegies, rear tombs, and tranſcribe inſcriptions from the works which they had the inſtant before been decrying.

Philoſophers are praiſed by thoſe who could never penetrate their meaning.—Stateſmen have here the power and inclination to create empires, whoſe actions, when alive, were their deſtruction.—Warriors here have preſerved kingdoms by their valour, who, in the day of battle, loſt them by their cowardice.—Kings have here raiſed their ſubjects to the higheſt pinnacles of honour and happineſs, who—during their reigns, had precipitated them to the depths of infamy and calamity.

In the vicinity of this fabric is a Chapel dedicated to St. Stephen. Here the buſineſs of God

God and man is tranſacted. The people ſit by proxy, to amend, invent, and increaſe laws and regulations for agriculture, merchandize, and commerce. But theſe proxies make private contracts for themſelves. Under the pretence of ſerving the intereſts of ſociety, they ſacrifice it at the ſhrine of their own. They betray that welfare they were choſen to protect. Thus, we may deem them an aſſembly of human pelicans, who feed upon the breaſt which nouriſhed them into being. The bleſſings of ſociety are what are bought and ſold at this national mart of politics. Government is here the art of oppreſſion with impunity. Liberty is the footſtool of tyrants. Under the meaning of preſerving privileges, traitors are empowered to accumulate on their conſtituents every ſpecies of calamity. Taxes are voted on the people to pay that power which can only enſlave them. War is produced and encouraged, for the ſupport of private emolument. Thus—for perſonal contracts, ſocial lives and treaſures are ſacrificed. Here knaves not only plunder property,—betray confidence,—pervert honour,—and promote infamy—but turn the power of protection into the means of deſtruction. Taxes were meant to cut away the luxuriances of commerce. They were deſigned to invigorate the general ſtem. But

they

they are made now to ſap its vitality, and leave the trunk withering beneath the blaſt of their perfidious avarice.

This boaſted repreſentation of the people enacts laws for eight millions of inhabitants, with the conſent of only two hundred and fifty thouſand of the number. Thirty-one perſons, out of thirty-two, are governed by legiſlative authority, which they have no privilege of creating or controuling. So that an act of parliament is, to the greater part of the inhabitants, literally the edict of the monarch. For it canont be a parliament without the entire and abſolute choice of the people. Labourers, Farmers, Copyholders, *&c.* are ſuppoſed to be deſervedly excluded from the pale of ſocial intereſt.

To ſupport a venal influence within theſe walls, they have perpetuated an intereſt—on a precarious principal, which is more than would pay every lawful exigency of government. I have ſaid lawful—for I conſider neceſſity the baſis of law. And ſurely no neceſſity requires a nation to be burthened with an intereſt equal to whatever principal national circumſtances might require. But from the diſtreſſes of the people have ariſen the glorious

influence

influence of the crown. The arbitrary monarch is more frequently the tyrant in name, than in power. The parliament is often ſeen to controul their edicts. But this parliament are controuled by them they were created to reſtrain. The *collecting* the burthens of the ſubject is an additional rivet to his fetters. Every officer of revenue is the humble dependant of court authority. Commiſſioners and ſubordinates of cuſtoms and exciſe; commiſſioners and diſtributors of ſtamps; ſurveyors of houſes and windows; receivers of land-tax; managers of lotteries; and the commiſſioners of hackney-coaches, are all dependant on the crown. All theſe are obliged to vote into parliament the favourites of oppreſſion. In return, they vote the taxes which is the others' immediate buſineſs to collect. Thus, we perceive, influence and prerogative are ſynonomous. While the parliament vote the army to be paid ultimately by the people, they have veſted the immediate payment in the crown. So that the ſlaviſh doctrine of non-reſiſtance has withdrawn its pretenſions, for the abſolute eſtabliſhment of military power. While theſe receive the pay of the people, they are obliged to be the guardians of prerogative.

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